

accomplished Opera singer and founded The Opera Company of North Carolina, located in Greensboro. John contributed to his mother's legacy by playing a crucial role in the formation and growth of her company, which eventually evolved into The North Carolina Opera.

Following high school, John went on to attend the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, graduating with the highest honors in English before receiving a Master's Degree in English and Comparative Literature from Columbia University.

After graduating from Columbia University, John spent a few years as the youngest editor ever hired by the Houghton Mifflin publishing company before deciding that he wanted to contribute to his community in a different capacity. He left New York to enroll in Harvard Law School, graduating with honors in 1985 before moving to Raleigh.

In our home of Wake County North Carolina, John practiced corporate law at Moore & Van Allen for 12 years. After, he joined Quintiles Transnational Corporation and during his tenure, he rose from Executive Vice President to General Counsel, eventually becoming the Chief Administrative Officer. In 2008, John became a partner in the Life Science Practice of the global law firm K&L Gates, where he practiced until his retirement in 2017.

John was extremely involved in the community and served on many boards and advisory roles including the North Carolina Railroad advisory, the Association of Clinical Research Organizations (ACRO), Elon Law School, the Center for Studies of the American South, the Gilling's School of Global Public Health, and countless others. This work is a testament to his character and his love for the people of our state and our community.

On top of these contributions, John's passion for literature led him to write two novels, "Favorite Sons" (1992), winner of the Sir Walter Raleigh Award for fiction, and "All the Right Circles" (2019). Both examine North Carolina politics, society, and history. He also was an avid member of our Triangle wide book club, and we enjoyed our time together sharing thoughts and opinions about the non-fiction books we read.

John lived an exceptional life, and I will always be grateful that I had the pleasure of knowing him. He was a dedicated husband, devoted father, and a loving uncle and son. He will be forever missed by his wife Kelley, children Caroline, Taylor, Katie, Roddy, Fields, and Bess, as well as his beloved sister Susan, father, John B. Russell, and grandsons George and Oliver. I miss him dearly and look forward to highlighting his legacy and honoring his service to our community for years to come.

HONORING ANGELICA "KELA"  
GARCIA

**HON. VICENTE GONZALEZ**

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 18, 2022*

Mr. VICENTE GONZALEZ of Texas. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the life of Mrs. Angelica "Kela" Garcia of Edinburg, Texas, who dedicated her life to serving our country and South Texas. Mrs. Garcia was born on February 7, 1923, in Tabasco, Texas to her

parents, Melecio and Andrea Gonzalez, as the youngest of eight children. At the age of 24, she married Mr. Felipe Garcia, Sr. with whom she lovingly raised nine children: Ramon Garcia, Nora Linda Garcia, Thelma Garcia, Felipe Garcia Jr., Roberto Garcia, Nora G. De Leon, Dalila A. Garcia, Leticia Garcia, and Romeo Garcia.

Mrs. Garcia was the type of person that could accomplish anything she set her mind to. As a young girl, she wanted to learn how to play the piano, so she bartered with the local piano teacher, trading milk from their dairy cow in exchange for piano lessons. That fondness for and dedication to the arts extended beyond music to the poetry of Joyce Kilmer. In elementary school, she developed a talent for recitation, winning poetry recital contests at her school.

After the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7, 1941, Mrs. Garcia answered the call to service. She became part of the historic "Rosie the Riveter's Brigade" as an airplane machinist in Marfa, Texas. There, she made critical contributions to our military readiness, work many women had never had the chance to do.

Therefore, Madam Speaker, I stand here today to acknowledge the countless achievements and charitable acts of Mrs. Angelica "Kela" Garcia. She devoted her life for the betterment of our community, and I have no doubt that her legacy will be remembered by all who knew her. Her general love for life, her family, her friends, and country is admirable. May she rest in peace.

HONORING RON AND JANE  
MCKELVY ON THEIR 50TH WED-  
DING ANNIVERSARY

**HON. MARJORIE TAYLOR GREENE**

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 18, 2022*

Mrs. GREENE of Georgia. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor two of my constituents who recently celebrated 50 years of marriage on December 5, 2021. Ron and Jane Mckelvy of Ringgold, Georgia, should be lauded for the example they have set for their children, community, and country. I salute two true partners in life. May God give them both many years of joy and continued happiness together.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE 44TH AN-  
NIVERSARY OF KOPPER KETTLE

**HON. MIKE ROGERS**

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 18, 2022*

Mr. ROGERS of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 44th anniversary of the Kopper Kettle explosion in downtown Auburn, Alabama.

Below is the 1978 sermon by Rev. Rod Sinclair at the Episcopal College Center after the explosion occurred:

The explosion at the Kopper Kettle has consumed the time and attention of many of us this week, especially Sunday when it occurred Monday and Tuesday when we were fixing ourselves up and getting heat back

into the building and into the Steven's House. There have been many expressions of gratefulness that no one in town was injured or killed and we have all told each other where we were when we hear of or felt the blast. We have even told each other about other explosions, other calamities and what our reaction was to them. And some of us have gone off into the world of metaphor and analogy and compared the explosion at the Kopper Kettle to what happens to a human being who gets poison in his or her system, poison from unacknowledged anger or poison from unexpressed resentment, and how the pressure can build up an explosion.

There's another type of explosion occurred to me, as it should, being the preacher, which I like to look at this morning. It is the explosion of the spirit and it can be more devastating than what happened last Sunday at Magnolia and Gay.

The explosion of the spirit is what happens when all the things we thought we believed in collapses, when the world of meaning collapses, when the truths that we always thought were true seem untrue, when doubt attacks every item of faith and prevails, and faith seems counterfeit, and trust wanders aimlessly hunting for a place to rest, and when other people's piety bring charges of hypocrisy to our lips. The explosion of the spirit can hit with the force of last Sunday's blast or it can strike in a slow-motion version. Decay is an explosion developing slowly. We can rebuild stores and replace smashed windows, but persons who are smashed by an earthquake under their house of faith have no certainty that they can pick up the pieces, nor may they want to, for their structure no longer has meaning. All that was dear and cherished is splintered and smoking. Their faith is gone, their dreams are smashed, and they have no basis for hope.

What do you do if the explosion of the spirit strikes you? First, I believe you must go to your most trusted friend, not to talk, but to sit in silence—in the presence of the other—in the presence of another human being. And the truth of the presence may be the only truth that is verifiable.

Next, you must allow your friend to care for you. This is more difficult than silence. Nor can it come too quickly. This requires that you give permission to the other to enter your shattered world. And with the entry may come judgment (but surely not!) and may come abject embarrassment (Yes, possibly that) or the painful admission that you are lost in the woods and do not know the way home. (Yes, that too!) Your trusted friend is there to listen, is not therapist, counselor or father confessor (at least not then) and listens to you talk, listens to the starkness of your confession that your religious house of cards proved to be just that, listens to the pain of your isolation—for you are in an empty, flat land by yourself with not so much as four pegs to pitch a tent for shelter. He listens to the description of your futureless future. And the echo of the question "What is there now?" continues to sound in your empty room.

But your friend does not answer your questions; eventually you do. Yet no one can tell you when the eventuality will happen. First, there may be nothing more than the establishing of a routine; but even routine requires a degree of faith. Later, there may be divine word, certainly not acknowledged then as such. From deep within, from the center of your center, may come the word: "Life shall go on." And you know the words are true and your house of meaning receives another plank.

If and when the house is completed, that is, if and when there is a day when you can say: "I believe that the following truths